Van Le

July 21, 2008 Journal #1

What would New York be without the long blocks of Wall Street, Grand Central 42nd, Fifth Avenue, 34th Street and many more? I mean, for those of us who don’t reside in the streets of Manhattan how would they know what us Bronx kids feel about their huge and glamorous neighborhood? Truthfully, we in the Bronx have lots of features that many other places we consider, extravaganza doesn’t have. I’ve never once realized the things I have until I actually think about it.

Just yesterday, I was sitting on top of my fire escape looking down at the ugly back part of my building. Seeing polka-dots in the shades of black, brown, brunet, blonde and red, I realize how many unique individual are out there. I felt small seeing how small how others were. It felt as if I’m an ant looking down into my ant hole. But there was some sort of empty feeling. It was relaxing and free from personal thoughts which made me appreciates my surroundings. Seeing the little toy cars move so slowly down the never ending streets I felt vibrated, moved by these continuous cycles of actions. On the other side of my imagination, I kept it real.

I noticed that there were doggy poop, and trash almost every corner of my eyes. I saw green trees and rainbow color of cars in row along the sidewalks. They had rust, bumps and scratches that can be spotted from miles away. Yeah, it’s supposed to say something about the Bronx, but should it, when there are many hardworking construction workers and innocent drivers? I see houses in rows, some taller than others. The building next to the house on the end of the block had aluminum foil on the rood. I see clothes hanging on the left of my building. And then there’s more trash and paper.

Since the back part of my building back so ugly, lets try the front. There’s a great big shiny building covered entirely with glass windows. If you guessed correctly, that’s the Fordham Library; I think it’s a remarkable building in the Bronx, don’t you? And if I tilt my head to the right, or cross two street lights you’d be right in front of Poe Park. I see Poe’s house, just a little bit of its roof is covered by that huge tree. And did you see that? An ambulance just passed by, the lights glared with the sunlight, capturing my very attention, then its gone after three seconds.

Switching to the rear right window, I can see Duane Reade and VIM on the busy streets of Fordham Road. It’s crowded and loud, whenever I turn to look at it. The big apple never sleeps, that sure says a lot about anywhere in New York. Shoppers are always looking for sales, pointing to the items they want on the glass of the store. Oh, and don’t leave out the sweet smelling of KFC and Chinese food from down the blocks. Even though my stomach is big and my nose is strong, my eyes just can’t stay away from those skater boys at the corner of my block.

Then the evening finally comes. Late nights there’s flashing lights color of red and blue, yes it’s the cop cars. And even though there are no stars in the sky to light up the atmosphere, it’s still as bright as it is stars or no star. The shining lights of window of people still awake are still on helping the moon do its job. What is most soothing is the smell of rich dark coffee coming from the still opened store of Dunkin Donuts all the way down the dark roads of the nights.